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VIA AIR MAIL

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Dr. Timothy Leary, #26358

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3/24/74

Dear Tim,

Received your recent letter a week or so ago on our return from Mexico. I hope you received my card from the latter country.

Joanna called me a few days ago and said that the ms. of NEUROLOGIC, expanded, was being mailed. I will look forward to receiving and reading it. I enjoyed TERRA II very much. It was witty, well organized, well documented and informative, even though, like many of your thoughts, ahead of its time. We had John Anthony and Jim Kerrigan over at the house the other night, when the latter said as much - "100 years ahead of his time," as he put it. He is now working with SDG and seemed in excellent shape. Since he got out 4 or 5 years ago he has been back in jail only for a few weeks for failing to inform the Parole Board of his change of residence.

In connection with T II, I recall Harlow Shapley's saying that there was practical certainty of thousands (maybe it was millions) planets in outer space with civilizations way ahead of ours. You may be interested in the enclosed, if you have not seen it.

I am to be in Claremont, Cal., on April 20, and am planning to fly to Sacramento the next morning. Marje King has offered to drive me to Vacaville that day (Sunday) when I thought I would visit, if that is feasible. Would it be possible for her to see you at the same time or following my visit. I know she would be delighted to see you. *What are the visiting hours?*

My visit to Mexico (with Ruth) was one of the most notable experiences of my life. There I spent three weeks at the Instituto de Psicosisintesis (Dr. Salvador Roquet, Director) where I observed what I believe is by far the most advanced psychiatric work in the world. Though I do not speak Spanish ~~xxxxx~~ (and Roquet no English) my distinct impression was that he does in a few months and at about 1/50th the cost, what it takes the average psychoanalyst 5-6 years to do, and does it better. I took 2 treatments. The ~~xxxxxx~~ first was a kind of descent into Hell, but it prepared me for the 2nd, the account of which is enclosed, mushrooms supplied by Maria Sabina, and the richest of any of my 10-12 trips on psychedelics. Roquet deliberately programs things to drive people out of their minds, and with 10-25 all on various drugs together, the scene resembles ~~an~~ a 19th century snake pit at a certain point. But Roquet is a master at supervising the group therapy and using the patients as co-therapists. They always come back to normality, much better ~~for~~ for their temporary bout with madness. I was astonished and amazed, and see his techniques very probably as the psychotherapy of tomorrow. He is also involved with a medical mission to the Indians and a ~~xxxxxx~~ school, along with the Institute, all as parts of the Asociacion Albert Schweitzer. Despite prejudice against the psychedelics even worse than in this country, the Institute is under the protection and supervision of the President of Mexico. One of the reasons for my going down there was to help Roquet persuade some prison to let him use his methods on convicts, but so far he has made only limited headway.

Incidentally Harvey Cox was in Mexico City when I was there, and he wanted to be remembered to you when I told him I probably would be seeing you next month.

I will send a copy of this letter to Joanna so that the gist of it can be relayed to you in case there are delays. Ruth joins me in sending her love.

Affectionately,

Walter

Account of session (mushrooms) - February 25-26, 1974 - W. H. Clark

Just previous to the session Dr. Onate had ruled that my heart was not stable enough to take Ketalaar without some risk. This had sobered me somewhat and doubtless helped to program my first vivid awareness, that of my approaching death and concerns connected with it. I realized that it would be prudent for me to act on my long postponed intention to bring my Will up to date. Also I began to think about my funeral. It occurred to me that, if he were available I would like my friend Harvey Cox to function as the clergyman, and at first I decided that he should be given a free hand to do things in his own way, partly in order to take the burden of decisions off my wife. I recall saying to myself, "After all it will be his own funeral that he will be celebrating, as he has done every time he has taken a funeral." But then second thought forced on me ~~that~~ the fact that a funeral really belongs to those who have been left behind. Following my session two weeks before when I had also thought of death, I threw ~~but~~ ^{some} ideas that had appealed to me, and I sensed that ~~rather~~ somewhat more conventional ideas of what constituted a proper funeral made my ideas outrageous if not positively outlandish. ^{Left to himself} Harvey's imagination probably indeed would develop something very much to my taste but might leave Ruth embarrassed in the midst of her grief with the un-conventi^onality of it all. Certainly she should be consulted along with my two sons and their wishes respected.

But also it came to me very strongly that the funeral will also belong to my devoted friend, the Reverend Betty Bogert. I knew that I should request my wife to see to it that she be notified, and this has been done.

About this point I began to be aware that Dr. Onate's verdict constituted a weapon delivered into my wife's hand that surely will be used against me. No flake of snow falls in Boston nor do I stir to shovel it up that Ruth does not start an often repeated litany of the number of people she has read about after the last snowstorm who had shoveled snow and dropped dead on the spot from a heart attack. I ~~am~~ ^{am} a very economical man and shovel snow as much from the delight I get in saving money as from any other motive. Somehow the humor in the situation struck me in the midst of more solemn thoughts, and I enjoyed a laugh that lasted for some time.

Another thought that presented itself to me were a few phrases from "Prospice," a poem on his approaching death written by the English poet Robert Browning. After nearly three weeks at the Institute I knew ~~that~~ the theory of the treatment and that "God the Father" had arranged the stage effects to disturb me as much he could and if possible to scare me out of my wits. The phrases from the poem were "And the elements rage, ~~the~~ ^{the} voices that rave," that applied to the outward situation, and the conviction came to me ^{that} nothing that surrounded my death and impinged on myself (as opposed to the effect of my death on others) would bother me. It would all be "stage effect." At this point I thought of the Irish wake (funeral) where ~~most~~ ^{most} everyone gets drunk, and all engage in general merry-making. An element of this seemed appropriate to my own funeral. But as the background to a large part of these aspects of my session came the rolling cadences of Brahms's Requiem bearing with them solemn reminders of Eternity.

Later on I began to think of my friend Timothy Leary, ~~now in prison, and who despite his many mistakes, has never betrayed a friend, never been untrue to a friend, now in prison, has never betrayed a friend, never been untrue to a friend,~~ and how, despite his many mistakes,

to himself, and, to my knowledge, has never borne false witness. Then suddenly I realized that I loved the man - totally apart from whether he is right or wrong, in prison or out of it, regardless of what I think of his ideas or what I do or do not do to help him achieve justice. The simplicity and clarity of this insight, that I had carried around in me for so many years without fully recognizing it, brought with it tears of joy. At the same time, though I see this as an important spring of my willingness to risk my reputation to speak my mind about him, it struck me that I am a good enough scholar to separate my intuitions about him from those things that I can document.

At this moment the ^{most}stringest and most moving aspect of the session ensued. At no time during either of my two sessions did I have any hallucinatory visions. But without a concrete vision yet making the strongest impression on me I sensed my wife Ruth, her late and very delightful and charming sister Carol, and Tim dancing together. The hi-fi was playing one of the lilting dance melodies whose title I am sorry that I do not know. These three people that I love were dancing with an indescribable charm and joy and gaiety - as my wife does when the radio plays the right tune and she thinks no one is looking but me. At this point I realized that my falling in love with my wife, my love for her sister, and my affection for Tim all sprang from the same root. They were all Irish (Celtic) and their charm had captivated me, but furthermore this charm had its roots in an integrity that even now I cannot write about without weeping.

At one point during the session I became aware that the floor was shaking and could see no reason for it. I became alarmed that a Mexican earthquake was in progress and looked up for cracks in the ceiling and considered what wall or other safety I should find. Then I realized that it was the shaking of another patient across the room from me, later identified as Rafael. What with his constant shaking, groaning ~~and~~, and particularly his staring vacant staring, especially after Ketalaar, I was concerned whether he might not become violent. However, none of the supervising staff seemed the least bothered by this, and my confidence in them eased my worries. I admired the skill of Dr. Roquet in teaching the doctor-patient how to express love toward Rafael, which led to all of us gathering around him and embracing him, clearly to his advantage. This was just one aspect of my need to touch and be touched by not only those in my immediate vicinity - Marcella, Nora, and Blanca - but it helped my appreciation of the skillful use of the group as co-therapists. My reaching out to my companions fulfilled a deep need in me at the same time that I felt it helped them. At one time Blanca silently, since we could not communicate linguistically, approached me and placed herself in my arms, where she stayed quietly for 15 minutes; then left with the two English words "Thank you." I have no idea what the particular nature of her needs were, but I know they were there and that my holding her helped her. When Marcella was asked to read from MADAME BOVARY, which she had brought, it was obvious how piercing was her identification with Emma. But it occurred to me that perhaps the moralism of Flaubert was too harsh and that she needed to identify with someone equally tormented but pictured by a novelist whose realism was balanced with a greater sense of the positive in human nature. I wrote down the title of George Eliot's novel THE MILL ON THE FLOSS (one of my favorites) and underneath "Maggie=George Eliot=Marcella" surrounded with a circle and pointing to the words "Lovely, beautiful, and moving." This I gave to Marcella with the suggestion that she memorize them in English - perhaps because I

wanted to be remembered by her, but also because these three words so often occurred to me in connection with all I met at the Institute, both staff and patients. It occurred to me that I could divide all my friends into two classes - those who produce tears in me and those who do not. The Institute was very rich in "Tears-producing people," which I now see as anyone whom one knows at a great depth, perhaps even Nixon if we could get enough LSD into him. At any rate at the end of the session I had the sense that all of us who shared the treatment, and even though I could not speak their language, in one short day had become like old friends. In this connection I should not fail to mention the cleanex that Annie Favreau supplied me with. Alert, as all the staff, to the needs of the patients she had noticed some moisture in my eyes and brought me some cleanex. This only stimulated the flow and I mentioned what the cleanex meant to me in terms of love, with the result that my companions became equally alert until it seemed that the cleanex symbolized the love of all those in the room. I joked a little about its infinite worth and the difficulty of getting such a valuable property through Customs. But it is now upstairs in my drawer where it awaits framing - if I can persuade my wife to let me display such an unconventional "objet d'art."

It is very hard to compare one ingestion of the psychodisleptics with another, and maybe pointless. This one was not as vivid as my first, but I feel that its richness was greater than any. I have used various of these drugs from 10-12 times. It was the first of any session that involved no conscious guilt feelings. It threw light on my feelings for my family and my friends, among which was my increased understanding of my older son through empathizing with the extreme artistic sensitivity of Pepe. The reading aloud of the account of my first session at the Institute toward the close of the affair, though a bit difficult with my wife sitting near, nevertheless seemed a kind of climax to these experiences I have been relating.

One always needs a certain amount of perspective in order to assess properly the impact of an experience. At the present moment all I can do is to express my impression that my visit to the Institute was certainly one of the tremendous experiences of my life.